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ORIGINAL
P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

Consisting of

The MICROSCOPE, PISCATIO, or
ANGLING, the BEAU and ACADEMIC.

WITH

A POEM on the *approaching Marriage* of
the PRINCE of ORANGE with the
PRINCESS ROYAL, &c. K.

By the Rev. TIPPING SILVESTER, M. A.

Published by GEORGE SILVESTER, Gent.



L O N D O N:

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T H E
P R E F A C E.



F all ill Writers, they are the most inexcusable to the Publick, who traduce Authors by Translations, and rob them of their Beauty, Elegance, and Spirit, whilst they endeavour, by giving them the Language of their Country, to bring them into Vogue. A Poem repeated in the Theatre at the late Publick Act in the University of Oxon has fallen into such Hands; and, by an incorrect Edition, and a worse Translation, has suffered so much, as to lose its Reputation. The Audience, when it was spoke, did it great
A 2 *Justice;*

Justice ; and 'tis Pity, but it should meet with Candour and good Usage, now it is surreptitiously come into the World. In Gratitude and Respect to the Memory of the late worthy Founder of the Poetical Lecture in Oxon, 'tis fit, that Regard should be had to Performances of this Kind ; especially those of a publick Nature ; and that they should be vindicated from the accidental Blemishes, cast upon them by ill-natured Criticks, and injudicious Friends. This is the Reason, that a new Edition, and, 'tis presumed, a more apt Translation, of this Poem, are offered to the Publick at the Beginning of this little Collection: Which will not however appear now to so great an Advantage, as it did, when it was delivered in the Theatre, since it will want the Graces, which it received from the just Action, and judicious Elocution, of the ingenious Gentlemen who repeated it.

The two following Poems, entitled Piscatio, or Angling, and the Microscope, have in the Original been justly esteemed : And the
Place

Place they bear amongst some of the most celebrated, Latin Pieces of Poetry, written by our Countrymen, and published under the Title of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, imports, that they stand well in the Judgment of Criticks, and in the Eye of the Learned World. The *Microscope* has gone through two or three Editions, and in the last received many Additions and Emendations; and as it seemed to deserve so much Care in the Original, 'tis to be hoped, that 'tis not so much wronged in the Translation, but that it may give Entertainment to the English Reader.

Of these three Poems, each is very different in its Kind from the other. The *Beau* and *Academick* contains a good Piece of Morality and Satyr; *Piscatio*, or *Angling*, is chiefly Heroick Narrative; the third is a Continuation of Descriptions, taken from microscopical Experiments.

In the first of these, the *Ease*, which is particularly aimed at in the Translation, the
Abrupt-

Abruptness at the Beginning and End of the Speeches, the affected Blunders, the Humour and Distinction of Characters, the careless Impudence of the Beau, the good Sense, Irony, and dry Rebukes of the Academick, are its Beauties.

In the second, the Introduction is a Piece of elegant Pastoral, suited in the Original to the Author and the great Personage to whom it is inscribed, and is therefore a proper Prelude to a Fishing Scene: The Transition is to an ingenious Fiction, giving an Account of the Origine of Angling; the Narration is continued by the Interposition of Apollo, who is the main Person concerned in the Action: Then follows a Contest between him and the most cunning, and wily Fish, described in the Heroick Strain: Afterwards come the Descriptions of various Kinds of Fish, distinguished by their Properties, and peculiar Qualities. The Poem concludes with an Ode, containing a Rural Scene, in which is a great deal of Propriety, and beautiful Simplicity.

The Subject of the Microscope is, as the Nature of the Thing requires, a Number of Insects of the smallest Size, or most curious Texture: But they are a considerable, though little, Part of the Creation; and give as demonstrative a Proof of an Omnipotent Being, as those glorious Bodies, which illuminate the Universe. It concludes, by a Transition from the most minute Insects to those immense Bodies, which are the Subjects of telescopical Observations.

When we thus consider these Poems together, and as it were by way of Comparison, we shall be the best able to form a Judgment of them. For the poetick Taste is like the natural Palate, on which the Metaphor is built, which is suited variously to various Things, and receives from each different, but grateful, Sensations. In the Beau and Academick, which is a Dialogue, studied and pompous Diction, strong and bold Figures, without Ease would hardly be esteemed a Recommendation: Whereas in the Microscope, which is all Descriptive
and

and Picturesque, a little Stiffness would be scarce a Fault. But then again the Poem entitled Piscatio, or Angling, might in many Passages be disfigured even by Ornaments; which is an Imitation of the Heroick Narrative, which in many Places requires Plainness and Simplicity, where ornamental Diction would be almost as bad as Fustian, or Bombast.

This it was thought proper should be suggested to the younger Reader concerning the Poems translated; and as for the lesser ones, which follow, as they are designed for the Entertainment of those, who shall peruse them, they are submitted to their candid Judgment.



BELLUS



BELLUS HOMO ET ACADEMICUS.

Recitarunt in Theatro Sheldoniano, apud
Comitia Oxoniensia, M DCC XXXIII.

LODOVICUS LANGTON } Coll. Div. Magd.
ET } Commensales.
THOMAS BABER,

BELLUS.



SQUE adeò infano juvat indulgere
labori?

Quin, age, mitte logos cassos, nugas-
que Scholarum;

Exue Philosophum, tetricamq; expor-
rige frontem.

ACAD.

Hem, mihin' hæc? Studiis quis garrulus obstre-
pit Hospes?

O faciem agnosco — Charissime Cottile, salve:

B

Sed

Sed cute tam nitidâ, incessuque, habituque decorus,
 Tam lepto talos à vertice Bellus ad imos,
 Unde redis?

BELL.

Lustravi orbis, dulcissime rerum,
 Omne latus, mores hominum specularatus, & urbes,
 Quâ *Tagus* anricomas effert super æthera ruites,
 Et *Cycladas* rapido *Ganges* interluit æstu;
 Nec, bene si novi me, callet acutior ullus
 Flumina, terrarumque situs.

ACAD.

Fortasse, Puellis
 Judicibus, queis ficta placent miracula rerum:
 Parcius ista Togæ tamen obtrudenda memento.

BELL.

Sin plaudant mihi Cirrati, laudetque lepores
 Turba Puellaris, Pulli gregis invida fanna
 Vellicet, atque istud nasutum scomma Sophorum:
 Hoc juvat & melli est.

AACA.

Sed, dic age, Quid tibi visa
Gallia, quid *Latium* potius memorabile pandit,
 Artis amans, nutrixque? Quid *Æra* & *Marmora*
 censes,

Heroum Monumenta, Triumphalesque Columnas,
 Picturas, Pluteosque, antiquæ laudis & artis?

BELL.

Scilicet Armigeris vacat explorare vetusta
 Rudera, deciduasque artes! Ea cura fatigat

Quos

Quos non res angusta verat, non Tutor iniquus,
 Pelliculam curare, meri somnique benignos.
 Multa Italum fateor non inconcinna videbam,
 Quæque artis nitida ostentant simulacra recentis.
 Sed recolo, indignans, curtæ quæ frivola mercis,
 Dimidias statuas, & prisca numismata, jactant:
 Effigiem ante alias, oculis, nasoque carentem,
 Si memini bene, CÆSAREAM ———
 Delicias Domini, quam verò, ærugine putri
 Squalentem, peream si forcipe sesquipedali
 Attigerim.

ACAD.

Et quæ tanta Italos tibi causa videndi,
 Cui veneranda vetustatis miracula fordent?

BELL.

Ridiculæ potiùs nugæ, sed non adeò omnis
 Effusus labor est, nec me mea cura fefellit.
 Quæ sola in voris fuerant, juvenesque politos
 Invitare solent delectamenta, canoris
 Fabellis Italum, Larvatorumque chorëis,
 Intereram.

ACAD.

Egregiusque adeò pro Judice morum
 Formarum spectator adest!

BELL.

Ibi membra movere
 Molliùs, invidetque quod HANDELIi concentus,
 Edidici, varia argutæ modulamina vocis.
 Sed me præ reliquis dulci novitate tenebat
 Gallia, gnara dapum, & cultûs fœcunda politi.

B 2

O mores

O mores lepidos, lusus, cœnasque Deorum!
 Suaviter hic Talis, Cyathis, Choreisque vacanti,
 O quàm blanda mihi, quàm mellea defluit ætas!
 Concinnò hinc tunicam sectus de more, repexus
 Hinc refluas de fronte comas, hinc totus ad unguem
 Factus homo, Nymphas inter molli eliquo voce
 Versiculum fors dimidium, argutumve leporem.
 Muneris & totum est vestri, ornatissima tellus,
 Quòd placeam (& certum est me perplacuisse) Pu-
 ellis;
 Quòd me depereant; quas expugnare decenni
 Obsidio vobis haud concessere Camœnæ,
 Haud Logicæ technæ, nodosæ haud illius artes —
 Quis fuit? O teneo Nomen — Py — *Pytha-*
gogoræ.

ACAD.

Pulcrum operæ pretium! post tædia longa viarum,
 Exhaustosque maris casus, multâ induis arte
 Quicquid ridendum est, aptus conviva puellis;
 Pollicitus meliora tuis: non iste Solonem
 Impulit, aut *Ciceronem*, animus, veneranda Sophorum
 Lumina, natales mutare, alioque calentes
 Sole sequi terras; exculito hinc *Roma* superbit
 Eloquio pollens; hinc exornantur *Athenæ*;
 Moribus hinc vitæ præcepta haurire nepotum
 Sæcla scient ventura.

BELL.

Satis fortassis *Athenis*
 Arridere isti poterant, rigidove popello
Romulidum, nec nostrî adeò sum fautor ineptus,
 Ut non hoc fatear; sed dispereat malè totus

Grex

Grex veterum, redeant omnes licèt, horridus Ordo,
 Futile nescio quid ructans, nugasque sonoras,
 Emoriar si, natus ego melioribus annis,
 Tantilli digitos inter pulvisculi haberem
 Barbatos pueros; quos Rusticus audiat iste,
 Quem non expoliit Parisinæ lima Palæstræ:
 Exemplar morum!

ACAD.

Vitiis imitabile quantis,
 Ingeniosum adeò pubem elimare sequacem,
 Ut præter rutilas, fragmenta exilia, nugas
 Nil superet! Bene me finxit Natura pusilli
 Exiguique animi, vanam averfantis opellam
 Stultitiæ ingenuæ. Sin garrulitate procaci,
 Ridiculè lepidò incessu, pannisque venustis,
 Captarem plausus, inhiantisque ora popelli,
 En mihi, mutato cœlo quod tu petis, hîc est:
 Est ubicunque salit, refilitque, in fune trementi,
 Schœnobates; seu gesticulans manibus, pedibusque,
 Lascivit variè Puparum mobile lignum,
 Non sua verba loquens. Quin partâ laude fruaris
 Egregiè fatuus; potius me sub Lare parvo
 Occlusum, & studiis florentem nobilis otî,
 Purè tranquillet fallentis semita vitæ.

BELL.

Non equidem invideo; at Juvenum deliria miror,
 (Parca utcunque animis Natura indulserit ignem)
 Quos non alloquio, fociisque carere culullis,
 Pœnitet, assiduisque super pallefcere chartis,
 Indictò ventri bello, nisi dente fatigant
 Unguem avido arrosū, miseros extundere versus
 Solliciti.

Solerti. — Et quorū hęc molimina? nempe fenescit
 Grex miser in curis, statuā taciturnior ipsā,
 Ludibrium aut fallit populi, sine laude latefcens,
 Indocilis rerum, nisi quas angusta repandunt
 Claustra Laris proprii.

ACAD.

At generofos parce procaci
 Scommate, non æquus Cenfor, perfringere mores.
 Non magis his aliena malis, aut purior ufquam
 Vita agitur; ftudiis curæ eft ante omnia mentem
 Excolere ingenuis; fed non ita totus in hoc fum,
 Quin vacet alternæ ad libitum indulgere quieti;
 Seu placeat fylvas inter reptare falubres,
 Seu modicos inter cyathos humefcere, mulcensque
 Innocuo lufu, aut lepido fermone, fodales,
 Ducere folicitæ jucunda obliuia vitæ.
 Nec refert quantilla tenent nos recta; latefcens
 Tutius hic Lare fub paruo, præcurro viarum
 Tædia longarum, pelagique pericula paffos;
 Dum mihi depictos pandit revolubilis orbis
 Terrasque tractusque maris, difjunctaque longè
 Saxa per & montes me raptat amabilis error.
 Hic quoque, quod fruftra eft alienis quærere terris,
 Aërias tentare domos, cœlique meatus
 Obferuare fequaci animo datur, indice Chartâ.
 Quod fi Naturæ cæcos penetrare recessus,
 Et rerum caufas libet indagare latentes,
 Quicquid jactat Arabs, Italufve, aut decolor Indus,
 Herbarumque Virens, & gemmarum Lucidus ordo,
 Reptiliumque, aviumque, infuetaque monftra fera-
 rum,
 Hic uno intuitu, innocuoque timore videntur.

O for-

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
 Purior irriguis quos Isis perluit undis,
 OXONIDAS, queis nulla suas terra invidet artes,
 Queis totos, cæcis non sponte exuta latebris,
 Expandit Natura sinus; victusque labore,
 Ingenioque, ASHMOLE, tuo in compendia mundus
 Mira redit, patiturque angusto in limite claudi.
Hispalis, Escuriæque, suis sacra mœnia Musis,
Et Vaticani fileat miracula Roma:
 BODLEIANA Domus caput altiùs inserit astris,
 Dives opum variarum, aliumque *Helicon* repandit,
 Palantes focians Musas, quâ, scrinia libris
 Evolvens fœta omnigenis, studiosa Juventus
 Colloquio potitur veterum, & commercia linguæ
 Multiplicis colit, in terris peregrina paternis
 Undique componens, quæ mox depromere possit.

Sic pulchrè latet indutus sua Serica Bombyx;
 At citò deductum fuerit cum textile filum,
 In flores abit, & fructus, sylvasque virentes;
 Aut *Musâ* potius, fidos enarrat amores,
 Fœmineâ in miras variabile ab arte figuras.





THE
BEAU and ACADEMICK.

From the Original LATIN.

Repeated in the THEATRE at the *Oxford*
ACT.

By LEWIS LANGTON and THOMAS BABER,
of *Mag. Coll. S. O. Com.*

BEAU.



HAT always at the dull, pedantick
Trade?

But thus it is you Scholars all are
made:

No learned Quirks, scholastick Tri-
fles, now;

Put off the Sage, and smoothe the wrinkled Brow.

ACAD.

Who's there? What Trifler makes this idle Stir?
O! dear *Bellair*! Your humble Servant, Sir.

With

[9]

With such an Air and Grace! from Top to Toe
So neatly drest! and so complete a Beau!
Whence, pray?

BEAU.

Why, dearest Sir, from ev'ry where;
No Men or Manners 'scape my curious Care.
Where rising *Tagus* lifts its painted Tow'rs,
Where *Ganges* round the *Cyclade Islands* roars,
If I but know my self, there's few can tell
The Countries Site, or Rivers Course so well.

ACAD.

What in the Ladies piercing Thoughts? You
know
They always listen to the well-bred Beau.
We *Academicks* sometimes love to doubt.

BEAU.

Fig for your *Academick*, learned Lout:
If but the Smarts, and pretty Girls, admire
My Parts and Breeding, I can aim no higher:
That tickles me, I own.

ACAD.

But come, let's hear
The Wonders, which gay *France* and *Latium* bear;
Nurses of Art! The breathing Statues tell,
And living Busts, which in your Notice fell;
Triumphal Piles, and Pictures, grateful Toil,
Which save those Lives, that envious Time would
spoil.

C

BEAU.

BEAU.

How unpolite ! as if your well-bred Squire
 Could finger Rubbish, fav'd from *Corinth's* Fire !
 No ; that's the dismal Task of him that knows
 His Tutor, counts his Money as it goes ;
 Lays little out in Wise, and less in Cloaths.
 I saw some nicish Statues, carv'd of late ;
 My Taste runs after Things of modern Date.
 But your old Pots of Ashes, broken Jars,
 And Statues, lopt like Vet'ran from the Wars,
 Your dirty Medals, precious, trifling Ware,
 The musty Virtuoso's poring Care,
 I hate to think of: Once indeed, by chance,
 A noseless *Cesar*, arm'd with half a Lance,
 Came in my way ; his Master's chiefest Pride,
 For squalid Face, and time-devoured Side :
 Rot me ! 'twas such a nasty Piece of Work,
 I'd not have touch'd it with a Pitching-Fork.

ACAD.

If *Latium's* Rarities are not your Care,
 For Goodness sake what Project sent you there ?

BEAU.

Such Nonsense ! I had other Fish to fry ;
 The dear Amusements of such Youths as I.
 Where the gay Spark resorts, and Virgin Train,
 Where the soft Eunuchs swell their warbling Strain,
 Thither I went ; the Schools where Youth are
 made ;
 To courtly Ball, and midnight Masquerade.

ACAD.

ACAD.

Bless me! so great a Critick in the Fair,
Instead of Men!

BAAD.

In that dear Place, 'twas there,
I learn'd to want great *Handel's* easy Air;
There was I taught Musick's bewitching Charms,
To form the Voice, and wave the pliant Arms.
But dearest *France* I love, for ever new,
Fam'd for gay Equipage, and nice Ragoutt;
For easy Manners, entertaining Sports;
Where *Gods* may feast, and *Venus* keep her Courts:
'Mongst Dice, and Cards, and Ladies, gain'd so
soon,

My Life, thus spent, was one dear Honey-Moon.
Here the embroider'd Coat, cut Alamode,
And resluent Hairs, in well-comb'd Order strew'd,
Finish'd the Man; whilst Scraps of deadly Rhime
Undid the Nymphs, lisp'd o'er in broken Chime.
To you, *politest Nation*, 'tis I owe
Those Charms, for which the Girls admire me so:
These win their Hearts; which an odd, *Oxford Sage*
Could scarcely compass in a little Age;
Tho' he should try, as *Academicks* use,
The utmost Forces of a jaded Muse,
Or Logick Quirks, oft crackt o'er filthy Bottle,
Taught by — pho — what's his Name? — O!
Harry-Tottle.

ACAD.

Well worth your while indeed with Sweat and
 Pains,
 'To bear the scorching Heat, and stormy Rains,
 Thro' *Neptune's* Dangers all your Arts employ,
 To turn an Ape, and rise a Woman's Toy.
 Is thus your Parents pious *Care* repaid?
 Not *Solon*, or a *Tully*, thus was made:
 They chang'd their native Climes for nobler Ends;
 To grace their Country, and to serve their Friends.
 Hence *Rome* by thund'ring Eloquence could thrive;
 Thence wise *Athenians* learn'd the Arts to live:
 Thus future Youths, by these Examples taught,
 Can live, as *Solon* rul'd, or *Tully* thought.

BEAU.

At *Athens* this perhaps might once go down;
 Or *Rome*, where Arms submitted to the Gown.
 I'm not so idly fond of present Modes,
 But this I own: Yet should these *petty Gods*,
 These *bearded Ancients*, in grim Order rise,
 Venting their Nonsense, so severe and wise;
 Split me! if modern I for all their Stuff
 Would give —— let's see —— this single Pinch of
 Snuff.

Queer, antique Puts! whom Lads of rustick Hue
 Might hear, who ne'er the *French* Politeness knew:
 The grand Exemplar!

ACAD.

ACAD.

Yes, of ev'ry Vice,
 Potent to form us so polite, and nice,
 That all the Substance shall be fil'd away,
 And nought, but a few shining Trifles stay.
 I bless my self, that Nature form'd my Mind
 Too low to relish Pleasures, so refin'd;
 Such genteel Follies. If with fluent Smut,
 The janté Air, and Coat of modish Cut,
 You'd win the gaping Croud; e'en stay at Home:
 For this you need not visit *France*, or *Rome*.
 Here are, who dance the Rope with airy Bound,
 Trembling aloft, then kiss the subject Ground;
 Who play the Puppet with informing String,
 Its Hands and Feet in wanton Motions swing,
 And lend it Voice. Yet, take the Praises due,
 Egregious Fop, we must not lessen You.
 But leave me to enjoy my little Cell,
 Where peaceful Thoughts, and higher Notions,
 dwell:
 A useful Leisure, free from anxious Strife,
 Where lies the Path of the deceiving Life.

BEAU.

Enjoy thy Cell unenvy'd, aukward Taste!
 They raise my Wonder more, who coolly waste
 Their blooming Years in hunting empty Praise,
 By dry Pursuits, and a few piteous Lays;

Tho'

Tho' frugal Nature pleases to inspire
 Few Sparks of Genius, and vivacious Fire;
 Who studying, bid their Bellies War, unless
 They eat their Nails, instead of College Mess.
 And where do all their learned Labours tend?
 A walking Statue crowns the toilsome End:
 The silent Image, as he moves along,
 Diverts the Mob, and draws the giddy Throng:
 Or, should he keep his Cell, and bilk the Croud,
 His Vice and Virtue lie behind a Cloud:
 A senseless Oaf! unless in Things confin'd
 Within his Cloyster, Emblem of his Mind.

A C A D.

Injurious Fop, cease rashly to defame;
 And what you cannot taste, forbear to blame.
 Go seek such Evils with the Gay and Vain;
 We Reason court, and Life without a Stain.
 With Lib'ral Arts we deck the polish'd Mind;
 Engag'd by Pleasure, more than Rules confin'd.
 But if the Season calls us to unbend,
 The shady Grotto's silent Pleasures lend,
 Or genuine Freedoms of a gen'rous Friend.
 Cheerful by turns, we in ingenious Strife
 Enjoy th' Oblivion of the busy Life.
 However small our Cells, we're unconfin'd,
 And distant Worlds can traverse with the Mind.
 For Arts we need not foreign Countries roam,
 We travel here, and see the World at Home.
 Whilst hanging o'er the pensile, rolling Sphere,
 As Fancy leads, we follow ev'ry where:

Whilst

Whilst pleasing Error hurries us away,
 No Mountains stop us, and no Seas can stay;
 Not with one World content, we wish for more;
 In shining Planets ken new Sea and Shore.
 The peopled Orbs, as they in Order roll,
 The painted Chart points out from Pole to Pole.
 But if you'd search in Nature's hidden Store,
 Things in their Causes, and Effects, explore;
 Whatever taints the sweet *Arabian* Gale,
 Whatever Fragrance *India's* Climes exhale;
 The Herb salubrious, and the lucid Ore,
 Birds, Reptiles, Monsters, Births of ev'ry Shore;
 Here, without Dread, the wand'ring Eye can call,
 Which in one View sees the collected Ball.

Happy their Fate, whom *Oxon's* blest Retreat
 Has rais'd above th'Ambition to be great;
 Where alien Arts can find a kinder Land,
 And Nature opens under *Ashmole's* Hand:
 Where all her Stores in narrow Compass She
 Unwilling fees, the World's Epitome.
 Rome not in vain for Arts with *Seville* vies;
 Whilst each may boast its learned Prodigies:
 But *Bodley's* Dome, a venerable File,
 Lightens with brighter Rays our little Isle:
 Rich in the choicest Stores of letter'd Dead,
 Another *Helicon* hence takes its Head:
 The scatter'd *Muses* here united lie
 By one great Hand in sweet Society;
 Where studious Youths the squalid Books unfold,
 And rake the Ashes of the Dead for Gold;

Call

Call back the Ancients from their open'd Urns,
 And hear the various Languages by turns;
 Collecting foreign Gems in their own Land,
 To give the Publick with a grateful Hand.

Just so the spinning Reptile, cover'd o'er
 With the soft Product of his native Store,
 In his own Workmanship himself conceals,
 Till the Threads, twisted by the whirling
 Wheels,

With nicest Art in curious Order laid,
 Form the rich Damask, or the gay Brocade;
 Here, rising from the Ground, a Wood looks
 green,

There num'rous Flowers form a chequer'd
 Scene;

There Loves, unsung, can live by Female
 Pains,

Taught all to flourish in becoming Stains.





P I S C A T I O :

O R,

ANGLING.

A

P O E M.

To a FRIEND.

Translated from the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.

— — — — — *Lucet, eamus,*
Quo ducit Gula, piscemur.

HOR. Epist. 6. Lib. 1.



H'insidious Art, and the alluring Snare,
The Hook, low-pendent from the
twisted Hair,
Toss'd from the wary *Fisher's* trem-
bling Wand,
Till sloping, pliant to his ductile Hand,
It quits the leaping Prey upon the Sand ;
D The

The *Muse* attempts. — Do you, *Dear Sir*, attend,
Nor slight the honest Trifles of a Friend.

* Such once were wont your Leisure to deceive,
When Time, and fav'rite Authors, gave them Leave.
Hence *Isis*' Banks were conscious of your Themes,
Catch'd, as they trembled, by the lambent Streams.
There you bewail'd, but yet bewail'd in vain,
'Those Crimes, of which 'twas dang'rous to complain.

How few are Virtue's steady Friends! you cry'd,
How few! the rushy Shores again reply'd:
Whilst o'er the dancing Cork you watchful stood,
To tempt the wanton Racers of the Flood.
At Virtue's Name her lov'd Idea rose,
On whom each Grace her blooming Charms bestows;

Where, as Bards speak, the Lilies fair unite
To mix the blushing Rose with Parian White.
If, as you wander, mix'd with *Thames*, you said,
Perchance you find the virtuous, lovely Maid,
Tell her, *soft Stream*, this tender Message bear,
Fit only for her self, and you to hear,
Tell her, that you refresh me, as I burn,
Whilst absent, she scarce thinks of a Return.
So antient Patriots did from Toils recede,
Skill'd in a double Use to ply the Reed.

* The following thirty Lines are not translated, but imitated; they containing in the Original an Address of the Author to Archbishop *Sheldon*, peculiar to his Time.

And we, whom daily Cares were wont to tire,
 Oft sought Relief from the sweet-sounding Lyre:
 On the same Banks invok'd th' *inspiring God*,
 Alike to bend the Bow, and guide the Rod.
 There, as the heedless Fish pursue their Fate,
 We learn to shun the World's deceitful Bait.
 Thus we, as the soft Current glides along,
 Improve by Sport, and moralize in Song;
 Tho' true, we ask the *Moralists* good Leave,
 If in our *Sports* with others we *deceive*.

Those, whom the *Gods* have form'd of grosser
 Clay,
 Who *Otter*-like plunge o'er the wat'ry Way,
 Can see, and yet no just Resentment feel,
 The shining Captive in the Osier Weel:
 There All, as to the open, hungry Grave,
 An easy Entrance, no Return, can have.
 Others the finny Race with Snares beset,
 Caught in the Bandage of the window'd Net:
 But we, whom *Phæbus* pleases to inspire
 With stronger Rays of the celestial Fire,
 Prefer the artful, to the gainful Toil,
 If cruel, yet ingenious, when we spoil.
 'Tis not enough to catch the shining Prey,
 But to deceive the Wantons, as they stray:
 If taken by the *Angler's* harmless Cheat,
 It adds a Relish to the wat'ry Meat.
 So, when the *Perch*, rapacious of his Prey,
 And spotted *Trout*, regal'd the *God of Day*;

Pleas'd to repeat the Windings, which they took,
 In the Wave circling on the bearded Hook,
 He tells his Labours in the Muses Court,
 And, as he feasts, enjoys his prior Sport.
 Hence *Phæbus* willingly approves my Song,
 Whilst, like the gentle Stream, it flows along:
 And you, ye lovely *Sisters*, sacred *Nine*,
 Assist me with the easy, flowing Line;
 For you, as Poets tell, were wont to stray
 Near Banks of *Permessis* to waste the Day;
 When *Phæbus* strung for you th' unsounding Bow,
 The nodding Float told the successful Throw.

Like other Arts, this by degrees became
 From plain and simple to be great in Fame:
 Yet plain and simple, as it first was known,
 The Muse will trace the Seeds, from which 'tis
 grown.

As once by *Aganippe's* Silver Streams,
 Inspiring Fictions, and poetick Dreams,
 Far from the liquid Crystal's rising Source,
 Where the Waves gather'd bend a rapid Course;
 Where the most sacred Fountain known to Fame
 Ceases, ambitious of a River's Name;
Calliope, join'd with her *Sister Choir*,
 For lighter Pastime left the sounding Lyre:
 There she beheld the Creatures of the Flood,
 Sporting in various wise, and wanton Mood,

Catch-

Catching the swimming Reptile, gently bore
 By Winds and Showers from the rushy Shore.
 She saw, and smiling thus was heard to say,
 " Too credulous! Your Ease shall you betray,
 " The specious Prospect of the cov'ring Bait
 " Shall tempt you, eager, to pursue your Fate.
 Then strips the fallow Rod with curious Care,
 And fits it to support the loaded Hair;
 Next on her Head she robs the plaited Tire,
 And spoils it of the close-compacting Wire;
 Then with exactest Art the Pin she forms
 To imitate increasing *Phæbe's* Horns.
 Here she revolves this pleasing, grateful Thought—
 To *Gods* and *Men* these Hairs have Slav'ry brought:
 " These too (said she) shall give me still to reign,
 " And stretch my Conquests o'er the *liquid Main*.
 This with harmonious Accents having said,
 The Iv'ry Comb strok'd her ambrosial Head,
 Who from its Teeth the precious Refuse took,
 And suits it, fasten'd, to the destin'd Hook;
 Which done, she casts the twining Reptile o'er,
 And throws it, pendent, from the shelving Shore,
 Wondrous to tell: soon as the *Goddeſs* laves
 Her twisted Locks in the encircling Waves,
 Diffus'd Ambrosia tinges o'er the Bait,
 Imbrues the Hook, and steeps the hidden Fate.
 The gaping Fry to specious Ruin run,
 Proud to be caught, and swift to be undone.

Happy,

Happy, who first can seize the ravish'd Prey,
 Loaded with Pain, he bears the Prize away,
 Tells his Success with many a wanton Wreath,
 Revels in Rapine, and enjoys his Death.
 The wary Maid his deadly Triumph spies,
 And with the nodding Twig commands the Hook
 to rise ;
 Which penetrates his Gill's half-circled Round,
 And throws him, hoisted, on the verdant Ground.

Tho' small the Prey, 'twas now the *Muses* Pride,
 A painted Mail adorn'd its Silver Side ;
 Its yellow Spangles mix'd the shining Gold,
 Which here and there inflam'd the scaly Fold.
 Th' *Aonian Sisters* mutual Joys impart,
 Admire the Prey, but more applaud the Art :
 Whilst each with the successful Wile prepares
 To drag new Captives with the destin'd Hairs.
 As round the Hook a num'rous Circle plies,
 By chance a nobler Fish of stately Size,
 Rushing, direct, removes the wanton Croud,
 Which leave him Master of the treach'rous Food.
 A little Wound the armed Dainty gave,
 Which lightly ting'd with Blood the ambient Wave ;
 But borrowing Weight with his extended Fin,
 The sliding Booty quits the strained Pin.

Latona's Son beheld the frustrate Sport,
 And thus address'd the Fav'rite of his Court :
 " O fairest Daughter of *Diſcean Jove*,
 " Thy Arms unequal to such Contests prove.

" For

" For once accept *Apollo's* kindly Aid,
 " And then this Vict'ry shall be dearly paid.
 " This *Aganippe's* Streams shall tell in Blood,
 " Or else I'm not the fam'd *Prophetick God*.

Whilst Canes enclos'd in Canes with triple Case,
 Secur'd from ruder Shocks by Mouths of Brass,
 Commend the Skill of the projecting *God*,
 The taper Top concludes the finish'd Rod.
 Wing'd *Pegasus*, who oft disdains the Plain,
 Lent the Assistance of his Tail and Mane.
 The Hairs with skilful Hand the Artift roll'd,
 And wove a curious Thong of various Fold.
 In gradual Decrease the Links combine
 By Knots, which never slip, to form the Line.
 Then he suspends the floating, hairy Chain
 From the Rod's Top, the Measure of the Cane.
 Next the fire-soften'd Steel the Artift laves
 (Hence its blue Tincture) in the hissing Waves;
 Which, stiff'ning by degrees, is circled soon
 To the horn'd Figure of the growing Moon;
 Arm'd with two Points, one cleaves the Steel in
 twain
 Beneath, which piercing scarce returns again.
 The Hook, then hung, receives th'insidious Bait,
 Scarce able to oppose the Water's Weight,
 Till sinking, in mid Waves it leaves to ride,
 By fastned Lead taught to contemn the Tide.

Where

Where the pale, fallow Boughs in Union sweep
 The foamy Surface of the crystal Deep,
 And give the finny Race a sure Retreat
 From boist'rous Winds, or raging *Phæbus*' Heat;
 Where the swift Whirlpool laves the Bank away,
 And reflux Streams in circling Eddies play;
 Prone to the Earth, he creeps, with silent Drop
 The Bait suspending from the taper Top;
 Which tremulous, doth vital Motions give,
 And makes the floating Reptile seem to live.
 Secure of Fraud, heedless of future Pain,
 The scaly Tribe hasten to drag their Chain.
 " But hold (says *Phæbus*) as they ply the Bait,
 " No Fear, kind Creatures, you should be too late;
 " 'Tis soon enough: the *Fates* these Threads have
 spun;
 " And he, who gains the Prize, his Death has won.
 Then he withdraws, but not to save the Prize,
 One destin'd Fish to pleasing Ruin flies;
 O cruel Appetite! thus oft too late
Gluttons beneath their Dainties find their Fate.

The certain Signal of the fatal Nod
 Ensues with various Windings of the Rod;
 The plaited Hairs in closing Circles wheel,
 Soon as his Entrails lodg'd the bury'd Steel:
 Then quick the flexile Wand with oblique Stroke
 Impell'd at once the Sickle-fashion'd Hook.

Soon

Soon as his Pain th' intestine Wound had told,
 He tries a thousand Arts to quit his Hold;
 Now with his Weight full-pois'd the Line he strains,
 Now here, now there, a straitned Passage gains;
 Oblique, direct, attempting, as he flies,
 To void the Plague, which in his mangled Entrail
 lies.

Oft underneath the Bank, o'erhung with Reeds,
 He darts, and tangled rushes through the Weeds:
 The Bottom gain'd, he to the Surface hies,
 Swift, as the *Parthian Arrow*, backward flies:
 Then sinks, and loads the pendent Line again,
 And with his dashing Tail attempts his Chain.
 The pond'rous Fish, indignant, scorns to bear
 Thus to be captiv'd by a slender Hair.

Fortune stood doubtful o'er th' unconquer'd Prey,
 To neither Party bent to give the Day;
 Whilst watchful *Phæbus* plays the skilful Part,
 Opposing Fraud to Fraud, and Art to Art:
 Ten times the *Fish* attempts his Flight in vain;
 Ten times the *God* recalls him back again:
 Now he renews his Wound with added Force;
 Now breaks his Rage, by yielding to his Course;
 Now holds forth Freedom with a slacken'd Rein,
 And whilst he favours, but ensures his Pain.
 At length grown bold through longer Liberty,
 He sweeps his Circles unrestrain'd, and free;
 Till, drag'd from the lov'd Chambers of the Deep,
 He hangs his wat'ry Wings, prepar'd to creep

The Shallows, taught, unwilling, to repair
 To hated Climates, and the nearer Air.
 As thus he rises with decreasing Weight,
 His native Waves contribute to his Fate;
 Now up, now down the Stream his Course is bent,
 Doom'd to be drown'd in his own Element.
 Just as we've seen, born by the gentle Tide,
 A belly'd Bottle, guggling, side-ways ride;
 So half-supine he wallows, till the *God*
 Commits him, pendent, to the doubled Rod,
 And throws him on the Shore a dull, unactive }
 Load.

As on the Bank the monstrous Booty lies,
 The Victor wanders o'er him with his Eyes,
 Measures his Length, extended on the Shore,
 So conquer'd *Python* lay, all wounded o'er.
 An oblong *Mullet*, once well known to Fame,
 It was, but now it bears the *Barble's* Name.
 No Fish more cunning cleaves the yielding Wave,
 No Captive ever greater Glory gave.
 So strong he tugs, so subt'ly plays his Part,
 He quite exhausts the wary Fisher's Art.

Flush'd with Success, the fair *Latona's* Son
 Improves the Conquest, he before had won:
 Presaging Sport, he visits other Shores,
 Where swell'd *Enipeus* with his Torrent roars;
 Where ag'd *Apidanus* his Waters roll'd,
 And *Peneus*, for his Passion known of old

To Fame, his ancient, heaving Bosom rears,
 Conscious of Virgin *Daphne's* infant Years.
 Where his own *Ladon* pours a Silver Tide,
 And where *Amphrysis's* gentler Currents glide,
 Whose Waters once a grateful Tribute paid,
 Which to his Flock the Past'ral God convey'd.
 Each Bank the Ensigns of his Conquests bears,
 Each Tree the Image of his Captives wears.
 The wounded Bark transmits their Shapes to Fame,
 Which grow together with the Carver's Name:
 The *Gudgeon* with his Head of larger Size,
 To the fresh *Angler* a desired Prize;
 Beside the tender *Roach*, and fleeting *Dace*,
 More apt to quit their Prey, as well as Place;
 The *Perch* too, which the heedless Touch defies,
 On whose arm'd Back the hostile Spikes arise,
 Most terrible, when in Aray he swims;
 The dancing *Bleak*, which on the Surface skims;
 The *Chevin*, like the Cock of baser Strain,
 Fierce in the Onset, but soon cool again;
 The *Ruff*, which takes from Swine its * *Roman* Name,
 Alike its Bulk, and in its Use the same,
 In Bulk not equal, nor in outward Cast,
 Allow'd superior to the *Perch* in Taste;
 The *Bream* with shortned Paunch, extended wide;
 And yellow-tinctur'd *Carp* with chequer'd Side,
 Of dainty Palate, as of curious Mold;
 The *Tench*, by rich *Pactolus* dy'd with Gold:

* *Porculus.*

To heal with slimy Touch *Apollo* gave
 The Tench, the known Physician of the Wave;
 Hence unmolested by the preying Throng,
 Thro' *Neptune's* liquid Realms he sails along;
 Thus will'd the God, who tunes the vocal Lyre,
 That it might feast him, perfect and entire:
 These, huddled in Confusion, often met
 To stretch the Meshes of his airy Net:
 These were his Prize, as he contending stood,
 And, when returning, his triumphant Load:
 Rewards so glorious, and such beauteous Spoil,
 'Twas meet should recompense his constant Toil.

How the shy *Trout* in frequent Struggles fell,
 The *Fly*, but imitating Life, can tell:
 Nothing thy beauteous Tinctures could avail,
 Thy ruddy Spots, or party-colour'd Mail:
 In you the Victor boasts a double Prize,
 Which please the Palate, as you feast the Eyes.

The *Pike*, whose brambly Teeth inline his Jaws,
 Fed with his Kind in spite of Nature's Laws,
 In whom vast Shoals of Subjects bury'd lay,
 And the whole finny Nation made his Prey,
 This Tyrant fell himself, betray'd too late,
 And in a loaded *Gudgeon* snatch'd his Fate.

Successful still, he in his known Abode
 The statelier *Salmon* takes, himself a Load,

Who,

Who, led by Nature, stems the Current's Force,
 Nor Dams oppos'd, nor Rocks impede his Course;
 Whilst Head to Tail he bends in arched Round,
 Then, disengag'd, can from the Surface bound:
 But if continu'd Suns, and sparing Rain,
 Encrease the Height, and make his Labours vain;
 Or if immoderate Show'rs, and boist'rous Wind,
 Retard him, and prevent the Course design'd,
 He shews a Virtue, equal to each Case,
 And thrives by Patience, tho' confin'd in Place.

This, as the leaden Minutes crept away,
Phœbus inspir'd to cheat the tedious Day,
 Whilst I on *Isis*' Banks in sullen Mood
 Cast the deceitful Balls into the Flood,
 Content to take the fairer Sportsman's Part,
 Railing at Nets, and the vile Poacher's Art,
 These blaming, that so rarely came the Prey,
 Or else my Stars accusing, worse than they.
 Then the *God* smil'd, and e'er he could retire,
 Suited these Numbers to his tuneful Lyre.

O D E.

O D E.

Happy, who rules with skilful Wile
 The Bait-suspending Wand,
 The wat'ry Natives to beguile,
 Which gaping shun his Hand.
 Untainted Joys his Heart dilate,
 No dismal Grievs invade ;
 He's safe from Courtier's friendly Hate,
 Or Honour's doubtful Trade.
 The wealthy Miser's busy Fear
 And Hope are banish'd far ;
 Free from the Client's dubious Care,
 He shuns the wrangling Bar.
 The freighted Ship, and raging Main,
 In him no Storms can raise ;
 He counts from fav'ring Gales no Gain,
 Fears Loss from no Delays.
 He's still, tho' Canons rend the Rocks,
 Lull'd by the Stream's sweet Voice ;
 He hears amidst the quiet Flocks
 No jarring, home-bred Noise.
Aurora's Self is scarce got up,
 When He forsakes his Rest ;
 Then with the chearful, milder, Cup
 He fortifies his Breast.

Girt with his Art's nice Engin'ry;
 He licks the dewy Way;
 Serene the Air, calm is the Sky,
 His Breast more calm than they.
 To flowing *Thames*, or rapid *Trent*,
 He hastes with silent Pace;
 On innocent Deceits intent,
 To cheat the wat'ry Race.
 The chirping Birds in Concert raise
 An inarticulate Song;
 Each Flow'r its Morning Tribute pays,
 As charm'd he moves along.
 To him the Glebe, and new-turn'd Land,
 Salubrious Vapours yield;
 His Feet, th' unev'n Iambicks scann'd,
 Mete the unequal Field.
 If tir'd with earthy Clogs, he stops,
 The Prospects cheat his Care;
 The Hills, the Vales, and craggy Tops,
 Which threaten from afar:
 The Sylvan Scenes, and Pastures green,
 And Flocks, which wand'ring feed;
 The murm'ring Riv'let's limpid Stream,
 Which bounds the winding Mead.
 Here from the Kine the Nectar falls,
 And Pails promiscuous stand;
 The destin'd Young with Lowing calls
 The *Vicar's* tithing Hand.
 There, yet unarm'd, the Lambkins strike
 Those Dugs, which give their Food;
 Prelude to Strokes, ah! how unlike
 For Anger, and for Blood!

The

The Bank then gain'd, he fits the Line
 With the close-drawing Noose;
 Whilst o'er the Hook the Reptiles twine,
 Wash'd with salival Juice.
 The chirping *Grasshopper*, and *Fly*
 Which buzzes, as it frays;
 The slipp'ry *Snail*, whose Juices lie,
 And mark its glist'ring Ways;
 The *Caterpillar*, laying waste
 The tender Plants, and Trees;
 The red-ting'd *Flow'r*, form'd into *Paste*;
 And *Rennet*-curdled *Cheese*;
 With the *red Worms*, which scoured shine,
 Gentles of glossy Look,
 And the *Wasp*'s stingle's Embrio's join
 By turns to clothe his Hook.
 The Horn, the Pouch, and well-stor'd Shoes
 Suffice for Food and Bait;
 These Pleasures early he pursues,
 These Pleasures too when late.
 His own Companion and his Friend,
 He muses o'er the Day;
 And on the dancing Cork attends,
 Which tells the ravish'd Prey.
 But if some chosen Friends he takes,
 Their Rods by turns they throw;
 The Fisher mutual Converse makes,
 Tho' mute the Fish below.
 Now the *fam'd Artist*'s Skill they praise,
 For Hooks, which never fail;
 Now harmless Songs their Spirits raise,
 And merry, social Tale.

Yet in their Chat they still revere
 All *sacred Majesty*;
 Tho' mute the Fish, yet He can hear,
 Who rules supreme on high.
 If from their Brows the Drops distil,
 When fultry *Sirius* reigns;
 If Thunder Show'rs the Air should fill,
 And bubbling straw the Plains;
 Whilst from its Bed the roused *Eel*
 In moving Arches hies,
 To Covert from their Cane they steal,
 Which angles, as it lies:
 The choicest Booties still requite
 Their Visits, as they come;
 Till sinking *Phæbus* brings the Night,
 And *Hesp'rus* leads 'em Home.
 Loaden with Prey, their Spoils they share,
 Which a mix'd Feast compose;
 Then willing to their Beds repair,
 And sleep without a Dose.





THE
MICROSCOPE
A
POEM.



W. & A. G. & Co. London

THE

MICROSCOPE

A

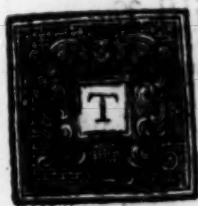
BOOK OF

W. & A. G. & Co. London



To Mrs. L. —.

MADAM,



HIS Piece of Poetry is with the greatest Propriety addressed to *You*, who are a Lady of such *nice Observation*, and such *ingenious Curiosity*, that the most minute Things cannot escape Your Notice. For little as the *Insects*, the Subject of this Poem, are, they have many of them been celebrated by *Poets* and *Moralists*, for Beauty, Prudence, Industry, and Oeconomy. But where *Instinct* leads them, *Reason* has led *You*; whose Character has been long distinguished by those *Qualities*, which are in an inferior degree remarkable in them. The *wisest of Men* admonishes the *Careless* and *Imprudent* to go to them, to consider their Ways, and be wise. But *You* must go to them for *Pleasure*, and not for *Profit*; who

who can only behold in them the faint Resemblance of those *Qualities*, which Education and Your own superior Genius have improved to a *rational Perfection*; and who, instead of taking Occasion to learn of these *little*, but *admirable*, *Creatures*, are a *Pattern* to the *fairest* and most *beautiful Sex*. In order to do Justice to the *Author* of this Poem, be pleased, *Madam*, whilst *You* read it, to suppose Your Self looking at each *Insect* through a *Microscope*, with which alone the admirable Texture of its Parts, and the curious Structure of its Works, is to be discovered; and be so good, as to bear with the Disgust, which the first Description may possibly give *You* for the sake of the rest. But those Eyes, with which *Nature* has armed *You* to captivate Mankind, will not want any Helps from *Art*, to discover the Defects of the *Translator*; who is only ambitious of gaining Your general Approbation, and not of being above Your Censure. I am, with the greatest Respect,

MADAM,
 Your most humble Servant,
 T. S.



THE
MICROSCOPE.
A
POEM.

Translated from the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.



THE *Muse* of various *Forms*, and
Changes, sings,
How fruitful *Nature* sports in little
Things;
In Flow'rs how circling Leaves the
Seeds enclose,
And with what Legs and Joints the *Insect* goes;
How o'er the *Bee* the downy Garb she brings,
And weaves the Silk, which forms its tender Wings;
Whence Arms, and Conduct, warrior *Reptiles* get,
Mails, Helmets, and th'inimitable Net:

Th' egre-

Th' egregious Race no more neglected lies;
 Once overlook'd, now pleasing with Surprise;
 Vain, mortal Wights, deride them now no more;
 They raise our Envy, as Contempt before:
 Past Nature's Limits through the *Convex* grown,
 They wear new Limbs, and Members, not their own?

Behold — the Name the *Muse* forbears to tell,
 (Few, that have Hair, but know it too, too well)
 An *Animalcule*, arm'd with shelly Back,
 Which yields, when press'd, expiring in a Crack:
 Two rising Antlets guard its shaded Brows,
 And clear the quick-set Passage, as he goes:
 These move the crashing Hair, which, as it lies,
 Might stop his Course, or raze th' unguarded Eyes:
 Six Thighs beneath the middle Paunch combine;
 Six Legs th' inserted Bones in Order join;
 Clos'd, like the doubled Hand, the thick-claw'd Feet
 Clasp in their strong Embraces all they meet:
 If e'er excited by the itching Bite,
 The deadly Thumb pursues him in his Flight,
 Thro' known Retreats, where he was wont to stray,
 The little Thief, unsated, skulks away,
 Wrapt in himself, he keeps his hairy Hold,
 And sticks in a scarce dissoluble Fold;
 Or, exil'd to the Back through dangerous Times,
 Changes his Colour with his native Climes.

What Numbers shall the *Muse* assume to sing
 Thy bristled Members, and thy filken Wing,

O fru-

O frugal *Bee*! foreseeing Ills from far,
 Studious of Peace, nor slack in dreadful War?
 Nature has arm'd thee in th' extreamest Part,
 Thy self the Quiver of a poison'd Dart.
 The sluggish Drone thy bearded Weapon tries,
 Which then disarms you, when he conquer'd lies.
 From the pellucid Convex Bulk you take,
 And emulate the Hornets statelier Make.
 Yet here no glorious Rapine clogs the Thigh,
 No od'rous Load fatigues you, as you lie.
 But when you sip *Narcissus* pearly Dew,
 And rob the Rose, pleas'd with its scarlet Hue,
 You make the Chymist blush for want of Pow'r,
 With the choice Extract of a common Flow'r.
 In Colour see the liquid Gold surprize,
 In Taste the compound Juice with Nectar vies:
 Not *Ganymede* could fill, or *Bacchus*' Train,
 A Cup of richer Taste, or nobler Stain.

But see — beneath a swelling *Spider* grows,
 The Glass, and not its Venom, Bulk bestows:
 Between his neckless Shoulders peeps above
 Its little Head, by Joints untaught to move:
 Sev'n radiant Eyes dispos'd in circled Row,
 Around his Back in luster'd Order glow:
 So many Microscopes, which serve to spy
 His buzzing Prey, the Web-entangled Fly:
 Just so the studded Rings in arched Round
 The Finger with the shining Jaspers bound:
 The Lights reflected give a colour'd Ray,
 And trem'lous Sparks in bright Confusion play.

Behold the Legs move in the woven Joints;
 And active Knees, swell'd into knotty Points :
 With these at Dusk the little Artist plies
 His broken Nets, the Bane of future Flies ;
 The silken *Radius* from the Centre draws,
 And scopes the Wheel by just, mechanick Laws ;
 With pointed Knots secures each shatter'd Way,
 Tangles the great, and stops the lesser Prey.

When the Threads trembling tell the hamper'd
 Spoil,
 And the gay Fly, struggling with fruitless Toil,
 With painted Back, and Wings of ruddy Gold,
 Provokes the Tyrant from his lurking Hold ;
 He rushes, swell'd with venom'd Juice, imbred,
 Whilst the press'd Strings rebound beneath his Tread,
 The Prey with backward Look entangled lies,
 When, quick as Lightning, the fell Tyrant flies,
 Seizes, and hugs him with a deadly Grasp,
 And pours forth Death, as he reluctant gasps ;
 Nothing its Force avails, or beauteous Stain,
 Nature has dy'd its throbbing Breast in vain :
 In vain it heaves, rising to shift its Place,
 As oft it tumbles to the dire Embrace ;
 At length it sinks, tir'd with th' unequal Strife,
 And quits by slow Degrees its little Life.
 The Victor, fated with the dainty Prey,
 With relick Trophies decks the scatter'd Way ;
 Near his Den's Mouth in cruel Order lie
 The sever'd Head, and hideous, mangled Thigh, }
 Shoulders, still painted with their native Dye. }

O beau-

O beauteous Insect! Nature never bred
A Form more bright, of such Vermilian Red.

Lo! there — a *Silkworm* drags its gawdy Train,
With which *Arachne* still contends in vain.
Forth from its Mouth it draws its downy Bed,
And spins its Bowels to a filken Thread:
Till with its richest Entrails cover'd o'er,
It finds a Shroud amidst the labour'd Store.
Thus in its Webs it vomits Life away,
Bury'd in Silks, and ev'n in Ruin gay.
Ye marble Piles, which have the solemn Care
Of royal Dust, shew me a Tomb so fair.
Next, rising to a Moth, it flits away
In Air, and lives the Creature of a Day.
In Eggs enclos'd, then new Supplies it brings,
Big with the Spinsters of succeeding Springs.

In strange Succession thus each Insect grows,
A triple Birth each annual Offspring knows:
In Spring it breaks the Confines of the Shells,
Into a Reptile, half-inform'd, it swells:
The growing Heat an active Vigour brings,
And gives it airy Form, and filken Wings;
The Summer yields the Eggs, whence Spring begun,
When the *Fly* rises in a *Reptile* Son.
Hence crawling Beetles wing the airy Way,
Moth twice revive, when thus they cease to stray,
The circling Fly, and Bee, which buzzing sings,
From out a Worm arise, equipp'd with Wings:
So from th' unpainted Reptiles, creeping slow,
The Butterflies in shining Colours glow:

Thus ven'mous Wasps receive a kinder Make,
 And Forms more harmless kindred Hornets take;
 Thus skipping Grasshoppers with chirping Notes
 Put off their Species, when they change their Coats;
 Yet in their Change a living Death they bear,
 They perish not, tho' diff'rent Forms they wear;
 Still rising, till they cleave the fluid Air. }

See Grains of *Salt* in shining Crystals stray,
 And sportive Nature various Forms display;
 Here moves the rolling *Die*, and corner'd *Square*,
 The piercing *Wedge*, and pointed *Needle* there:
 The oblong *Cylinder* here strikes the Eye,
 And harmless *Swords*, and bearded *Arrows* fly;
 These speak the *Artist's* Hand: There dancing flow
 The shapeless *Rhombs*, which without Order go:
 There the *Scalenum* with unequal Sides,
 And mangled *Cones*, and thousand, nameless Bits
 besides.

These strike the Palate with distinguish'd Taste,
 In various Modes, and diff'rent Order, cast.
 The *Sweet* slides o'er the Palate smoothly down,
 With pointed Particles the *Acids* wound:
 Hence *Paon's* Art their healing Forces finds,
 When *Alum* loosens, and when *Vitriol* binds:
 How *Sal Armoniac* gives its pungent Strokes,
 Crisps up the Nose, and weeping Laughs provokes,

Now let the Glass the various *Fluids* shew,
 And marks the moving Globules, as they flow.
 Hence tricking *Vintners* meet the Justice due,
 And fear the searching Convex, when they brew;

Thus

Thus they affront the *God*, whose Care's the Vine,
 Poison the gen'rous Juice, and call it Wine.
 Thus, not distinguishing the paler Ray,
 We drink dash'd Cyder, when for Wine we pay.
 But the ground Convex helps us to explore
 The Cheat, with nicest Art tho' colour'd o'er.
 If pure, the figur'd Particles we know;
 If mix'd, in diff'rent Shapes the Globules flow:
 The Eye thus arm'd, we surely can descry,
 If e'er the ruddy Purple palms a Lye.

Ye Sons of *Pæon*, mark the livid Ways,
 In which the *Blood* in winding Channels strays;
 Pour'd through the Art'ries from the vital Urn,
 The reflux Streams in branched Veins return.
 Then from th' exploring Touch we scarce can know,
 How the Pulse beats, or purple Torrents flow.

Here in their curious Origin we see
 The Nerves, dispers'd into a winding Tree:
 Each little Mouth the labour'd Juice receives,
 Strain'd in a thousand Ways thro' glandule Sieves,
 Hence flow the Spirits: O what beauteous Plain
 Can shew a Tree with the dissected Brain!

Lo! there a double Branch extended lies,
 And forms the *Retina* behind the Eyes.
 Alike the Nerve, which serves the circling Ear,
 Taught by long Windings harsher Sounds to bear,
 Whilst o'er the spiral Den they wandring go,
 And vocal Sounds in trembling Caverns flow;

Conti-

Contiguous Bones here open to the Eyes,
 The *Stirrup* hangs, and little *Anvil* lies,
 Above the dancing *Mallet* has its Seat,
 And the Drum's Membrane Strokes incessant beat.

The *vegetable Race* our Notice claims,
 In various Classes, and a thousand Names:
 The Garden Herb, gay Flow'r, and hated Weed,
 The Spring supplies from their primæval Seed;
 Which, bound with Vessels in th' encircling Leaves,
 Through gaping Fibres milky Food receives.
 There we admire the *Lily's* pallid Hue,
 Why *Vi'lets* still retain their cerule Blue:
 Why mottled *Tulips* flame with studded Gold,
 And why the *Crocus'* purple Leaves unfold:
 Why diff'rent Species decent Fringes wear,
 And circling Teeth the jagged Borders tear.
 But here the hasty Muse forbears to tell
 How from small Seeds the headed *Onions* swell;
 How lulling *Poppies*, lov'd by wakeful Swains,
 Charm with their Juice, as well as scarlet Stains.

There grows the Product of a scatter'd Seed,
 The *Nettle*, Plant ignoble, baleful Weed:
 Tho' you disgrace the Gardens, where you spring,
 The *Muse* thy Structure will uncensur'd sing:
 A downy Front it shews the distant Eyes,
 At nearer View its Coats of Darts surprize:
 A vegetable Porcupine it grows,
 And Darts insidious stand in thicken'd Rows.
 If e'er we stop to crop with gentle Hand
 Th' ill-natur'd Plant, which harmless seems to stand,

The

The pointed Surface meets as, arm'd around,
And the snatch'd Fingers tell the pois'nous Wound.

Fœtid with *Mouldiness*, that Volume bring,
There Gardens flourish, Beds of Flowers spring:
The sticking Sponges round the Borders creep,
And *Cucumbers*, and *Musfbrooms* seem to peep;
There feeding Worms take their delicious Round,
Nor envy known *Alcinous* his Ground.
Alas! unkindly neat! you little know,
When you the Towel take, what Harm you do;
You dash, and think them an unseemly Spot,
Flow'rs, Gardens, People, with a single Blot.

The *Oak's* strange *Produce*, venerable Tree,
Next calls your Eye, a nat'ral Prodigy.
Here scarcely the incurious Mind conceives
Branches inclos'd in Trunks, in Branches Leaves:
Thus rising, as the rolling Years succeed,
Millions of Oaks lie latent in the Seed:
Then grown, and fell'd, strip'd of their leavy Pride,
They prop the labour'd Roof, or dash the foaming
Tide.

Ye Artists, hold, your curious Search forbear,
And blush, whilst Nature shews you Works, so rare.
In vain in *Sculpture*, and in *Paint*, you vie,
Your gross Defects now open to the Eye;
Carv'd on the Silver Cup the spreading Vine,
And cluster'd Grapes add Lustre to the Wine:
The earthen Vases pleasing Error give,
By Art whilst rising Figures seem to live;

The

The wondrous Convex soon the Wounds betrays,
 And tells the shaping Iron's razed Ways;
 You'd think the Plough had the rough Surface tore,
 Wide Furrows gape, where stood a Tree before.

In little Rage th' industrious Fair behold,
 Their *Gowns* undone, which Stitches cost untold:
 And their *work'd Heads*, where Pains united met,
 Can scarcely vie with the coarse, Kitchen Net.
 But if by chance their dirty Nails they spy,
 Their scaly Hands, and bristly Hairs; O fie!
 O nasty Sight! Yet still they bear in mind
 The *equal Glass*, which spares no Thing, or Kind.

Ev'n the keen *Razor's Edge*, which never mow'd
 The crashing Beard, with snowy Suds bestrew'd,
 Looks like the Axe, chopp'd into num'rous Flaws,
 Or gapes in Notches, like the dentil'd Saws.

The *Needles*, which at female Impulse fly,
 And oft the active Thumbs with Purple dye;
 Tho' taught by Artist Fair to traverse through
 The snowy Cloth, nor hurt it, as they go;
 Now grow, and like the heavy, blunted Dart,
 They seem to want the File, and Grinder's Art.

Thus Art's Defects we can with Ease descry,
 Whilst Nature mends beneath the vitrious Eye.

With ruddy Coat of Mail arm'd Cap-a-pee,
 And dreadful Horns, there stands a mighty *Flea*:
 Its Look, and dire Proboscis, threatens War,
 Which on the Skin imprints the noted Scar;

Over

Over his Back the rising Thighs are seen,
 The skipping Grasshopper describes his Mien;
 Swift, as the Motion of the twinkling Eyes,
 He nimbly o'er the Linen Surface flies;
 Got from the Pinch, the angry Virgin's Snare;
 She looks ——— nor finds the little Traitor there:
 Unless long-pregnant, he unweildy grows,
 Or over-loaded with the purple Dose.

His Summer knows no Rest, one bloody Strife,
 And one continu'd Plunder, makes his Life;
 In Winter Death the wicked Thief pretends,
 Six Months retires, till the dread Season ends.

Once have I seen a golden, massy Chain,
 Of hundred Links, his little Neck contain.
 As at his Master's Board the captive Moor
 Exerts no savage Valour, as before;
 Degen'rates to a Slave, and tamely takes
 The letter'd Collar, and his Woods forsakes:
 So the slim Beast his gaudy Fetters bears,
 And struts, and triumphs in the Chain he wears:
 Nor Flight, nor wonted Fraud, evasive tries,
 Nor claims his former, envy'd Liberties,
 To sip the Virgin Breast; nor glories more
 In the long Leap, or Thighs, his Pride before.

Nor shall the *Ant* our curious Notice pass,
 (Tho' Cells it loves) or 'scape the searching Glafs.
 We wonder at thy Form, of Make, so rare,
 That Head, what does the little Helmet there?
 You love not Camps, nor Battles make your Care.

H

You

You tend the diff'rent Labours of the Field,
 And golden Loads upon your Shoulders wield :
 See how they stand ! Those Shoulders, wont to draw
 The pendent Corn, or Weights of trailing Straw ;
 Almost a Harvest : There the Mouth contains
 The reg'lar Teeth, which poize the husky Grains,
 Which form the Burdens, that the Seasons bear,
 And for the Back the rolling Load prepare.

A Needle there the tortur'd *Mite* impales,
 Tho' arm'd its Sides, and fenc'd with double Mails.
 O ghastly Sight ! What Strife, what Pains molest ?
 What raging Fury swells its little Breast ?
 Gnashing its Teeth, it wreaths it self around ;
 The raving Boar so takes the fatal Wound,
 Rolls on the Spear, and foaming tears the Ground. }
 Thrice he essays to bite the pointed Lance,
 And thrice in vain his Troops of Thighs advance ;
 The rigid Steel his fixed Sides detains,
 And renders frustrate all his grasping Pains.

See how cold Death dissolves his jointed Knees ;
 His slender Claws what shaking Tremours seize ;
 At length he faints, with Head and Neck reclin'd,
 And dying, calls his dainty Cells to mind.

Plac'd on the fœtid Vessels sweaty Tops,
 The mouldy Cheese receives th' exhaling Drops,
 Through pory Ways the piercing Liquors fly,
 Imbrue the Eggs, as in the Dams they lie :
 Spring coming, as the Seasons roll away,
 The melting Domes the Signs of Life betray ;

Corrupt

Corrupt through *Bacchus*' penetrating Juice,
 Their Parts, dissolv'd, the cluster'd Troops produce:
 Millions of Animalcules burst the Shell,
 Their great Descent the purple Colours tell.

Too short their Date! at Morn their Life's begun;
 But Age o'ertakes them at the setting Sun;
 Soon Nature calls, and then no Plea can save,
 Three Days divide their Cradle and their Grave:
 Yet tho' so soon the little Insect dies,
 A fresh Succession still the Race supplies.
 They see their Fathers middle-ag'd to day;
 To morrow they revere them, weak, and grey:
 Tho' small, they strive, with pious Ardour bent,
 To emulate their Sires, and pride in their Descent.

They too perhaps for Empire may contend,
 In od'rous Caverns petty Forts defend;
 Build Towns, and give their little Senate Laws,
 Deal Penalties, and crown with just Applause;
 Thus in Succession they may flourish long,
 Bless'd, doubly bless'd, a wealthy, busy, Throng:
 Till with one careless Stroke the Knife may sever
 Their Empire ——— cleft for ever, and for ever.
 In vain they search for a secure Retreat,
 Their Commerce stopt, no kindly Aid they meet;
 Consuls and People equal Fortunes wait,
 One Swallow — and down goes the little State.

Where Streams of *Vinegar* descending go,
 There on the Surface little Todpoles flow,
 Absorpt together with the eager Wine,
 They dance, and get us Stomachs, when we dine.

If the pall'd Appetite, uncraving, fails,
 They whet it, dashing with their flapping Tails;
 So the vast Whale, they say, extended lies,
 Whilst, as he sleeps, the foaming Surges rise,
 The little Fry steer down his op'ning Jaw,
 And ride securely in his hideous Maw:
 The Ocean left, they find another Deep,
 Nor stay his Stomach, nor disturb his Sleep.

But still that wondrous *Leaf* the Muse detains,
 Those *Knots* there look like *Scabs*, or *blited Stains*;
 Diseases vegetable! Lo there dwells
 A num'rous Race within those little Cells;
 Enclos'd in Leaves, they suck the milky Vein,
 And gnaw the Caverns, which their Beds contain.
 Strange, yet 'tis true; those rising Tumours move,
 And with the pointed Probe their Entrance prove:
 Look how they swim there at the Flood of Day,
 And take new Vigour from the stronger Ray:
 The little Citizens now find their Legs,
 And bear away their Young, and hopeful Eggs;
 Drove from their Quarters by ill-fated Lot,
 In the same Leaf they find a happier Spot.

OF little *Insects*, crawling Points, no more;
 With the long Tube the *twinkling Stars* explore;
 The heav'nly Domes in the far distant Skies,
 Where latent Stars elude the naked Eyes;
 Beyond the Action of the central Sun,
 Or where the wandring Orbs their Courses run;
 Where Nature decks herself in lucid Robes,
 And other *Suns* illumine other Globes.

Oft with the Glafs, protended from the Eye,
 With which no magick Arts, no Charms, can vie;
 The pallid *Moon* we from its Orbit bring,
 No more a seeming Shield, or narrow Ring:
 In Bulk ſhe ſeems an Earth, and juſt at hand,
 The Rivers flow, and there huge Mountains ſtand.

The *Sun* deſcends too from his ruddy Skies,
 With ſpotted Face, and grown immense in Size;
 The torrid Globe, and rapid Fluids turn,
 And dreadful, with a thouſand *Ætna's* burn.

Hence *Planets* from their wandring took their
 Name,

Yet ever rolling in a Courſe the ſame:
 Thus *Mercury* lies hid in *Phæbus's* Rays;
 And *Venus* never quits her ſtated Ways:
 An even Courſe thus leaden *Saturn* ſteers,
 Whiſt he completes his Ring of thirty Years:
 Th' unuſual Comets with their trailing Hair,
 Come, and no more the pannick Nations ſcare;
 Like reg'lar *Planets* follow Nature's Laws,
 Yield to be govern'd, and confeſs their Cauſe:
 And tho' in Paths remote they veil their Light,
 Wrapt up in Darkneſs far from mortal Sight,
 And drag their *Tails* with gradual Decay,
 Till they at length evaporate away;
 Yet ſtill returning from the diſtant Climes,
 They pay their Service at the certain Times;
 Wheel round the Sun, and as the Steams exhale,
 Blaze with the *Beard*, and ſcatter with the *Tail*;
 Then, turning on their Axe, away they roll,
 Whiſk o'er the Signs, or ſkimming bruſh the Pole.

See

See *Jupiter* proceed in solemn State,
 Four various Moons on all his Motions wait;
 The inmost soonest runs its Circle o'er;
 Now slowly lags behind, now flies before.
 In wanton Dance its Mates appear to stray,
 And falsely seem to err a certain Way:
 So on the Clock the circled Figures stand,
 And the twelve Hours expect the creeping Hand:
 The swifter Index the wing'd Minutes shews,
 Twelve times its Pace its Fellow-Hand pursues;
 Now presses, as it skims the figur'd Rows;
 Now catches, now its tedious Mate outgoes;
 Leaves it to watch the Hours, and point the Day,
 Which by slow Steps at length drags o'er its long,
 — set Way.

If frugal *Nature* should my Pow'rs restrain,
 (A low Retainer in great *Halley's* Train)
 To search these Domes, by Limits scarce confin'd,
 Her little Works can fill my humbler Mind;
 Who boundless Stores within her Bosom brings,
 Stores, passing Poets Songs, or Works of Kings.



VENUS's

VENUS'S GIRDLE;

OR,

ADVICE to a WIFE.



SINCE You, *Clarissa*, who so well can
please

With unaffected Wit, and native Ease,
Instructed too in ev'ry Art to bless,
Can hear the lovely Charms, which
You possess;

The *Muse*, exulting, will the Task pursue,
She gives the Precept, the Example, You.

Endearing Arts, preceding *Hymen's* Joys,
With the vain Many are but false Decoys;
And the first Moon, which o'er their Love revolves,
Wanes off together with their sworn Resolves.
The nobler Planet rules *Clarissa's* Flame;
Which sets, and rises, shining still the same.

Eraustus, gayly true, politely brave,
Her fond Admirer was, but not her Slave;
And when kind *Hymen* made her Heart his own,
Wedlock was Courtship more familiar grown.
Then first to Heav'n she sent her grateful Mind,
Where by Decree the happy Pair was join'd;
Which smiling gave a kind, benign, Encrease
Of Truth, good Humour, Spirit, Wit, and Ease.

Ye hasty Wives, who into Wedlock ran,
Learn here to change the brutish, surly Man.

Let

Let nothing your unsully'd Beauties cloud ;
 Be always chearful, but be never loud.
 Ev'n *Juno's* self set Deities at odds,
 And oft made Uproars in the blest Abodes :
 For if we may believe what Poets sung,
 Imperial *Jove* was pester'd with a Tongue.
 Where Pets prevail, sweet Concord's broken soon ;
 The String, which jars, is always out of Tune.

Let no *Distrusts* your settled Peace disturb ;
 Which irritate the Mind, but seldom curb :
 So the cold Humour, which on Lime we pour,
 Inflames those Parts, which quiet were before.
 Reproaches seldom cool our loose Desires,
 But leave a Stink, and raise domestick Fires.

May no *Surmises* lie conceal'd below ;
 A rankling Breast creates a sullen Brow :
 The Sulphur rages most in Caverns pent,
 And shocks that Earth, which cannot give it Vent.

Just *Wit* to furnish the politer Joke ;
 A *Spirit*, just enough not to provoke :
 Genteel *Demeanour*, and superior *Sense*,
 And *Ease* at just Remove from *Indolence* :
Oeconomy, which nought superfluous spends ;
 And is least frugal, when we have our Friends :
 These be your Aim : the *Something* further still,
 Which hits the good Mens Humours, when they're
 ill ;
 There goes to feed a Hymeneal Flame,
 Th'engaging *Somewhat*, which still wants a Name :
 The wiser Wife alone this Secret knows ;
 This is the *Girdle* Beauty's Queen bestows.



The BRACELET;

OR,

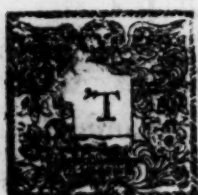
ANTI-CHARM.



UCH once was *Sacharissa's* Cest,
Which ev'ry Grace confin'd,
Wrought thy fair Body to invest;
Your Bracelets hold our Mind.
When wily Love was caught in Bands,
His Chains were such as these:
Transferr'd on us by those fair Hands,
Ev'n Chains themselves can please.
Those *Circles*, Engines of thy Charms,
With more than magick Art,
Whilst they embrace our pliant Arms,
Confine the flutt'ring Heart.
If on some Youth these Bands shall fall,
From other Fetters free,
And he for Aid to Heav'n should call,
A suppliant Votary;
Of all the bright and pow'rful Train,
Hymen alone shall hear;
And list'ning to his moving Strain,
Shall thus return his Pray'r:
My *circling Gold*, impos'd by thee,
Shall ease thy am'rous Pain;
Nor shall thy Captive e'er go free,
Till Death dissolve the Chain.



CUPID in Doubt.



IS true, *Florella* has her Charm,
And *Mira* has her Graces:
Why should that Point our Sense
alarm?

That Deities have Faces.
But hold, says *Venus*, what d'ye mean,
Thus human Forms mistaking?
I'll make ye know, I'm *Beauty's Queen*,
These Creatures of my making.
Your making! — *Pallas* guides my Hand,
Florella writing cries:
Juno bestows *Mira's* Command,
Cries she, and rolls her Eyes. —
Well, since my Favours you disown,
Since you dispute my Will;
I'll make you know I have a Son,
Who has some Power still.
Oft he his subtle Arts has try'd,
As oft has been defeated;
His erring Dart returns undy'd,
Or by Mistake he's cheated.
Come hither, Sirrah, mind me now —
'Tis your own Son, pray spare him —
I'll make the Rogue distinguish you,
Or else I'll quite cashier him. —

Fie! *Beauty's Queen* appear so warm!

Why all this Rout, and Pother?

Whene'er you point out either's Charm,

I find it in the other.

What would you have me know 'em by,

My good Mamma, I wonder?

By Blush, by Smile, by Lip, by Eye,

Why any one may blunder. —

'Tis true: thus too with pleasing Smart

Men gaze on either Side;

Those Charms, which thus unite Their Hearts,

Do other Hearts divide.

Then do not wonder at the Fire,

Which two such Nymphs have blown;

Nor ask us, which we most admire,

Since Love has made 'em one,



[60]

TO THE
PRINCE of ORANGE,

ON HIS

Approaching MARRIAGE with the
PRINCESS ROYAL,



WHEN Wisdom, polish'd with the Rules
of Art,

When Beauty, gracing the sincerest
Heart,

The Marriage Bands in sweetest Union
join,

We own the Pow'r, which made it, is Divine.

This whilst NASSAU shall tell in milder Sway,

His *Fair* shall teach the Nations to obey.

Should jarring *Europe* fill the hostile Plain,

The Sword may aim, and Canons roar, in vain;

That Pow'r shall guard You, which Great WILLIAM
crown'd;

The whizzing Ball may kiss You, but not wound.

When once Old *Rome's* divided Parties strove,

Brave, am'rous, JUBA could both *fight and love*:

Like Him, You'll shine 'midst rougher War's Alarms;

But sometimes steal to softer ANNA's Arms:

ANNA, who polish'd long the *British* Fair,

And gave the Lustre to the Charms they wear.

The glorious Blessings of a Princely Race

Shall follow the important, kind, Embrace:

To tell their Joy now crouding *Britons* flow;

An equal Sorrow waits them, when You go.

O might *Britannia* wear a lasting Smile!

Beauty goes with You, and You rob our Isle.

F I N I S.